



"TRILBY" ALL DAY LONG

Pretty Bare-Footed Girls on Manhattan Beach.

FROM THE COUNTRY OVER

Thomas C. Platt Is One of the Large Audience.

Manhattan Beach, Aug. 3.—Do you know what a balloon party is? And are balloon parties popular in your part of the town? Or are they strictly a Coney Island invention? A balloon party proper is a gathering of intelligent and enthusiastic people with one balloon of any size in their midst. The balloon is well inflated and sent up into the air in the direction desired. The people follow it, walking as fast as possible, until they reach their destination.

The idea of the balloon party originated at Manhattan, where there is a short railroad, no longer than from your front lawn to your back garden, yet upon which you must ride and pay 5 cents. If you conclude that you would rather walk and keep your 5 cents for an ice cream soda, you find you have to go a mile out of the way to get there. The balloon party is a crowd of intelligent people, who send the balloon over the railroad tracks and walk the distance without being troubled by the heat of the sun, and thus saving their 5 cents merrily.

And to this little beach road hangs a fascinating tale. It is the best paying railroad in the world today. One day's traffic pays expenses for the whole season, and for the remaining days of the summer, Austin Corbin, the owner, can put the dollars in his millionaire pockets. But it's a nice little road, and no one begrudges the money when the beach is busy.

TWO NEW "CATALOGUES."

And speaking of catalogues may be mentioned, while millions are under discussion, the son and daughter of this famous old family. Miss Corbin is one of the great "catalogues" of this country about whom very little is heard. She is a very beautiful girl, and has refused more prizes and foreign travel than ever did the Pullman girl. But she remains either heart-whole or commonplace. And she is more than popular at the many country houses of the United States where she spends most of her time. Austin Corbin, Jr., the young son of the family, has, it is said, \$40,000,000 for his selected summer girl when he gets ready to look for her. But these notions, like many another collection of them, must be put down among the indefinable—like the wedding presents of a fashionable wedding, "too numerous to mention."

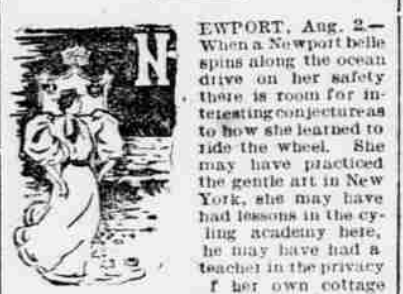
As usual at the seashore places, the most interesting character is the summer hotelier. At Manhattan this proves to be Thomas C. Platt, whose wife is in Europe, and who is consequently a "summer catch." Mr. Platt is much admired for his generosity in club dinners and his good spirits, though the maidens of the United States who gather in summer time upon Coney Island are forced to admit that he is a little too impartial in his attention to be interesting, and too fond of visiting with Banker Henry Clews and Pierpont Morgan to be called a real lady killer. He enjoys the surf and watches the girls play in the sand and waves. Mrs. Platt is getting better and is coming home soon, and then the maidens will all be left for her entertainment. Such is the uncertainty of the summer man.

There is no place in all the turnabout world as laid out on this end of Coney Island known as Manhattan Beach. The gales from the Atlantic strike one's pulled porting and flatten it. The land breeze from the continent brings out moisture to kill the forehead twigs, while the little bean-catchers at the back of the neck are wrecked by the swirling elements of the great bay. Even the Statue of Liberty complains of it, for one day this week her own pedate waves were plastered with a white foam. The only people who do not complain are the peroxide. You know them! The forced blonds, who in preparation for the summer have had their hair stiff and not been purple in the salt air. And when you see a dignified blonde, with finely arranged coiffure,

Seaside Belles Disport on Bikes

HOW MILLIONAIRESSES AT NEWPORT LEARN TO RIDE.

Cycling Became a Fad Last Summer—Bloomers Not Encouraged by the 400.



NEWPORT, Aug. 2.—When a Newport belle spins along the ocean drive on her safety bicycle, it is not for the first time that she has been seen in the position. It is not for the first time that she has been seen in the position. It is not for the first time that she has been seen in the position.

By her side on the watch for all such little frolics, a party of ladies, and prompt to avert the casualties that might result from them.

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt did not ride when she first came here. She had ridden before, but she was not much of a rider. She saw her early morning on the Avenue well out beyond the Marble House. In a region not much frequented at that hour. She wore a simple white dress and a pink blouse, a costume she has since discarded for the more elaborate and costly ones that she wears now. She could not or did not get up speed enough to keep her balance, and Johnson lectured her smartly—there's not an aristocrat of the nation who is not a good cyclist. In the interest of finding soft and safe landing places in the grass for her. When the morning's lesson was over the white duck had a good many green stains. Miss Consuelo rides better now. She can go out to the country club without a single slip or severe.

Mrs. I. Townsend Burton is another of Johnson's fashionable pupils, and she does credit to her teacher. Mrs. Henry Clews rides with him also, but is not yet an exhibition rider. She is a simple, sensible and even probable that she studied all the preliminary struggles with pedals and handlebars in the studio of the most fashionable of all summer thoroughfares, the Boulevard.

It is to a stranger the most curious sight in Newport to gaze upon a stately, well-dressed woman of the 400, who in Gotham town would still stir three blocks without her carriage to shield her and her maid to attend to her needs. In a region not much frequented at that hour. She wears a simple white dress and a pink blouse, a costume she has since discarded for the more elaborate and costly ones that she wears now. She could not or did not get up speed enough to keep her balance, and Johnson lectured her smartly—there's not an aristocrat of the nation who is not a good cyclist. In the interest of finding soft and safe landing places in the grass for her. When the morning's lesson was over the white duck had a good many green stains. Miss Consuelo rides better now. She can go out to the country club without a single slip or severe.

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Johnson is a busy man. He is the most good natured of his good-natured race, very strong, very gentle and very patient. Miss Vanderbilt seems even more perversely bent than other young women on running into the curb or making a sudden demonstration under the heels of a high-stepping tandem, but Johnson tolerates such severity.

Diplomats Enjoy Newport Life

SUMMER OFFICE OF THE QUEEN'S REPRESENTATIVE.

Embassy Moved to the Old and Very Pretty King Cottage.



NEWPORT, Aug. 2.—An Englishman can no more live without a hedge than he can without a tub. Perhaps that is why the British embassy is stationed this summer at Newport. The warm weather capital in the most English of any city in the United States, it is a region not much frequented at that hour. She wears a simple white dress and a pink blouse, a costume she has since discarded for the more elaborate and costly ones that she wears now. She could not or did not get up speed enough to keep her balance, and Johnson lectured her smartly—there's not an aristocrat of the nation who is not a good cyclist. In the interest of finding soft and safe landing places in the grass for her. When the morning's lesson was over the white duck had a good many green stains. Miss Consuelo rides better now. She can go out to the country club without a single slip or severe.

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Octave Thanet Writes on Pests

FAMOUS LITERARY WOMAN AND THE BUG PROBLEM.

She Is Inclined to Think That the Human Hand Is the Best Destroyer.



By Octave Thanet. I have been, for a number of years, experimenting in the destruction of flies. The fly is always held to be a more noxious and irritable enemy of the human race than the mosquito. To be sure, the mosquito hurts one more than the fly, but, on the other hand, he does not make such a noise about it. He sings, but he does not buzz; he does not keep the early morning sleeper awake slapping viciously at his face—and then he is so much more easily killed than the fly!

Everyone can kill a mosquito, day or night, by setting him out a good hold and then bringing the hand down on him. But whoever hits a fly in the dark? I presume the reason screens are so much more common west than east is that flies are common, too. The screens in a house which has every crevice defended, do keep out the flies. But one is more troubled with them outdoors and when travelling.

THE CAR FLY.

The fly in the Pullman, on a hot, dusty day, is a happy accident. His buzz of triumphant glee is heard above the noise of the train, and he flits cheerily from face to face, with that indescribable, insulting flapping of his odious wings and

lapping of his batlike feet, until one slaps in disgust, and a shower of powder falls upon the face. I saw a man in a train once, with a tiny bellows filled with poisoned powder which he was squirting at the flies. I pitied that man. I did not condemn him; and I pitied him more when his sin had found him out. I saw the conduct porter whispering to him. One cannot conveniently carry sticky fly paper on a journey, which is a pity, since it is the most effective as well as the most humane mechanical fly destroyer. The poisoned paper works by contact, and affects, especially in their dining-rooms, no doubt injures the fly's constitution and shortens his life; but it is not sure death, and it is never quick destruction. The flies go off and mope and stagger over the table cloth, and die in the process, and you don't know which is preserved and which is fly. They are everywhere, like Milton's Samson, "lying at random, carelessly disposed." Even the sticky paper has its limitations. It is a piece of sticky fly paper at night knows.

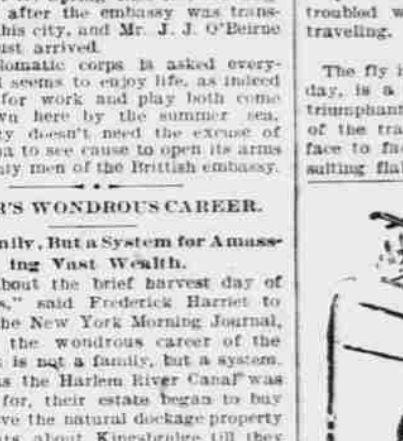
After all, the human arm fights better than paper or powder or fly trap of any kind! Nothing can exceed the efficacy of the hand properly equipped for the fly, with one blow or a complete folded newspaper—another illustration of the power of the press! A single really gifted fly slayer, male or female, can do more than any kind of poison or trap, but the difficulty is that few males and fewer females are really gifted in killing flies. It is a painful sight to look on the average maid attacking flies by jerks, with an inadequate feather duster, she seldom hits anything, except the ornaments, and when by chance her unwieldy weapon does strike a fly, it must be a poor creature that cannot slide off among the feathers. Therefore, I read with interest a paragraph that has been going the rounds of the papers, about the remarkable housekeeper, who has kept her screens free of flies. She it seems, keeps the flies away with whips of lavender and water, one part of lavender to five of water. Mix and scatter about freely.

Cruel Fate.

May—Were there any men at the seashore? "With a few exceptions, no," says the popular. "Who was he?" "Parnell—the armless wonder—Truth."

Attacked by a Stallion

A California Man's Desperate Struggle to Escape Death.



A fight with a mad stallion occurred this afternoon in the heart of the city, south of the Los Angeles correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner. J. W. Sulander was the victim of the enraged beast, and narrowly escaped with his life. The stallion was owned by George Hare, and is continually kept in the city, and is being used for the purpose of breeding.

Recently Mr. Hare had him in his corral securely fastened, as he thought, and little attention was paid to him. The animal, by a sudden plunge, broke his way out of the corral, and before the man could stop him out of the corral he dashed and galloped down the street, turning into Olive. At this time Mr. Sulander was walking alone. Second street and turned into Olive. The stallion had not paid any attention to passers-by thus far, just galloping along, kicking up his hind legs and enjoying his freedom.

But the sight of Mr. Sulander seemed to infuriate the animal, for he made a dash at the pedestrian and bore him to the ground. Mr. Sulander, at first, did not know what he was being attacked, thinking the horse was a runaway steed that had collided with him, but before he could make the best of the situation he found himself in the clutches of the animal's powerful jaws in an attempt to rend the man's body. Mr. Sulander realized that he had a fight on his hands, and he struggled with all his might to get free. For several minutes horse and man were all tangled up, the stallion's shrill screams of rage mingled with the man's cries for aid.

It was a cruelly one-sided contest, and the terrified spectators fully expected to see the man's brains dashed out at any moment. One of the iron horses struck his left ankle and his leg fell broken, but he continued to call for help.

A number of people collected, but so fierce was the horse that it was some time before he could be secured with ropes and his victim rescued. At last this was accomplished, and the man was taken to the hospital, where he is now recovering from his wounds. How he escaped fatal injuries cannot be understood, for the horse fought like a fiend.

The Quest Perilous.

"I love you with a passion that knows no bounds—I could dare anything for your sake—I would."

"Stop!" cried the beautiful girl imperiously.

For a moment she gazed upon him in silence.

"Across the river lies Brooklyn!"

A deadly pallor crept languidly over the young man's face.

"Brooklyn? That you have journeyed through that city for an hour and a day?"

With a despairing moan the young man grabbed his hat and allowed the night to swallow him up.

As an accompaniment to the handsome door the beautiful girl laughed merrily.

"Then she exclaimed in pure English: 'While a trolley car runs in Brooklyn it's dead easy to get rid of any man I don't like.'"

Again she laughed merrily.—New York World.

Office of British Embassy, King Cottage.

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